For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dasht your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. Ifaith I feare it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my loue: But I doe see you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Cassio's* my trusty friend:
My Lord, I see you are moou'd.

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne Clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may smell in such a will, most ranke
Foule disproportion: thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in position,
Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue: leaue me *Iago.*

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtlesse
Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoulds.
My Lord, I would I might intreate your honour,

To

Iag. To scan this thing no further,
Tho it be fit, that *Cassio* haue his pla
For sure he fills it vp with great ability
Yet if you please to hold him off awhil
You shall by that perceiue him and his
Note if your Lady straine her entertai
With any strong or vehement importu
Much will be seene in that, in the mea
Let me be thought too busie in my fe
As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am
And hold her free, I doe beseech your h

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue.

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding h
And knowes all qualities, with a learne
Of humaine dealing: if I doe prooue h
Tho that her Iesses were my deare hea
I'de whistle her off, and let her downe
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am
And haue not those soft parts of conue
That Chamberers haue, or for I am de
Into the valt of yeares; yet that's not m
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releif
Must be to lothe her: O curse of marri
That we can call these delicate creature
And not their appetites: I had rather b
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vses: yet tis the plague of
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the bas
Tis desteny, vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to
When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* co
If she be false, O then heauen mocks it
I'le not beleeue it.

Enter Desdemona *and* E

Desd. How now my deare *Othello*?

H

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